

A TIDY JOB; BUT —



HIS ONLY HOPE.

THE ROOSTER (*who has lost his plumage*).—By Jove! I've a good mind to do something desperate in the hope that some one will tar and feather me.

THE DEPARTURE.

THE CURTAIN has descended and now behind the scenes—
A purple sky is falling, a canvas fort careens;
They're pulling up an ocean, a castle topples down.
One man lifts up a mountain—the show is leaving town.

The sunset that entranced you, the silver moon that thrilled,
Are in the scenery wagon folded tight and billed;
While shifters shout and hustle, the bossmen swear and trown;
The stage is all confusion—the show is leaving town.

And now down in the greenroom the players fret and fume,
The late ones hunt their make-ups and shout to give them room;
The leading star is wailing about her missing gown.
A dozen trunks are rolling—the show is leaving town.

At last the stage is quiet, the stragglers have gone,
But down about the station the bustle now is on;
The waiting-room is crowded with stars of stage-renown
With dogs and canes and satchels—the show is leaving town.

Victor A. Hermann.

IN SOME quarters, crime seems to be regarded chiefly as raw material for journalism.

HARDLY.

"You are the light of my life!" he exclaimed.

She regarded him with a look of mingled pity and disdain.

"Of course you are lying!" she replied.
"The merest grammar-school girl knows that light is a form of radiant energy, whereas a woman is a congeries of molecules. What could be more absurd!"

Man is the gay deceiver but hardly, any more, educational institutions being mostly open to both sexes.



AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

LORD OLDCASTLE.—Really, Mrs. Hustleton, one does not begin to appreciate this country until one has seen it.

MRS. HUSTLETON.—Why, Your Lordship, I did n't begin to appreciate it until I saw the others.

While the way of the transgressor may sometimes be hard, it is not necessarily lonesome.

PUCK



REAL EXCITEMENT.

"What! Miss Byers gone home? Then she did n't care for the sport."
 "No. Her favorite sport is bargain-hunting."

APPRECIATION.

THE LITERARY Titan was strangely kind and subdued this morning.

"Guid wife," said he, betraying at once his Scottish origin, "for thirty years, now, have I quarreled with you, and the papers have yet to make anything of it. I begin to fear the public will never find out about our infelicity until after I am dead, and then their appreciation will do me no good. What is the use?"

The woman was frightened to hear him go on so. "Have cheer mon," she implored. "Look! are not the griddle cakes wretched? Pray throw something at me!"

Nor were her entreaties altogether in vain. For presently the Literary Titan glowered, albeit something wanly and half-heartedly.

IN TUCSON.

Going in for the Kneip cure in Tucson,
 She walks out with bare feet, when the dew's on,—
 But the cacti, et cetera,
 Soon prompt her to get her a
 Special permit to put shoes on.

HIS MOTTO.

ISAACS.—Vy, in dvendy years dot broperty vill be vorth ten times vot it is now.

COHENSTEIN.—Vell, I guess I vill zell it. I might be deadt in dvendy years undt a birdt in der handt is vorth a whole vlock in der handts of an exegutor!

LEGISLATION.

"But how would you have dealt with motorists?"

"Easy enough," said the shade of Solon. "I'd have put the speed limit at sixty miles an hour. Then, of course, most of the motorists would quit, because it's no fun running a machine that can't go faster than the law allows."

The shade of Draco pooh-poohed, insisting that hanging and quartering was the only proper penalty, but nobody paid much attention to him.

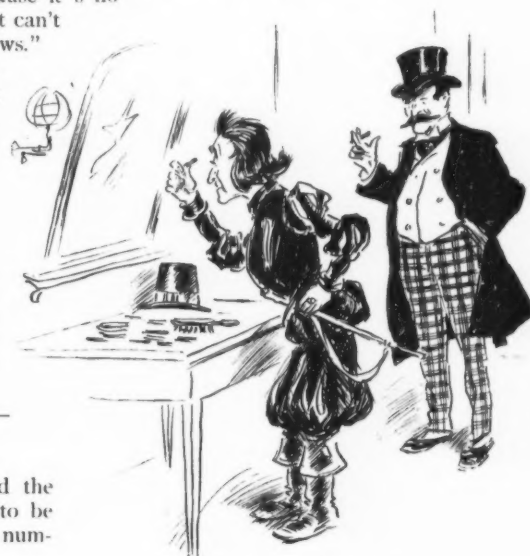
OF COURSE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Now, Emerson, the Lord made heaven and earth in six days; to what was the seventh devoted?

EMERSON BROWNING.—
 Boston.

ALL MEN are brothers and the Summer Girl is willing to be a sister to any reasonable number of them.

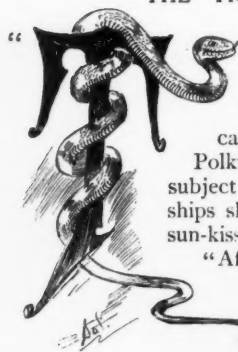
A HAPPY disposition is largely a disposition to make others happy.



BETWEEN FRIENDS.

"I'm always careful about my make-up."
 "That's right, old man. You want to look the part even if you can't act it."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE RUM DEMON.



HE temperance folks started in to take a fall out of the Rum Demon, at night-before-last's session of the Debatin' Society," somewhat sarcastically said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., "upon which occasion the subject under discussion was whether battle-ships should be christened with wine or with sun-kissed water from the ripplin' rills.

"After the invocation, and a song by the Glee Club, the debate progressed along the regular lines till the worthy ladies of the W. C. T. U., who had come armed capper-pie for the fray, took and rung in little Hamilcar Tudd, the infant elocutionist and village popinjay, who screechin'ly declared that there was an old decanter and its mouth was gapin' wide. He was followed by Mrs. Carrie Yonn, who informed us, in an ominous, double-chinned voice, that annually exactly I-forget-how-many-thousands of the fairest youth of our land are fillin' drunkards' graves. Then, Miss Theodosia Witherlong, a sort of three-cornered lady, stated that the lips that touched wine should never touch her'n. And about that time the Rum Demon may be said to have begun to turn blue.

"But, just then, Miss Nonie Darlington, the old Judge's daughter, stood up, with just about the kissiest blushes on her cheeks that you have ever seen, and waved a small flag, and sang, in a voice that trembled just the littlest bit at the start, 'Columby, the Gem of the Ocean,' wherein, if you recollect, the second verse recommends all patriots to 'The wine-cup, the wine-cup, bring hither, and fill you it up to the brim;' and two young fellers who had been with old Joe Wheeler in Cuby, and three old fellers that had rode with young Joe Wheeler when he wore the Gray and tore around 'most every place, looked at each other, and then began to clap and stomp; and that woke up a thick-set chap that had been with Dewey at Manila, and whose father had been with Semmes on the 'Alabama,' and he j'ined in on the song in a great big brown voice; and the boys that were gawpin' in at the windows began to yelp; and the first thing you knew 'most everybody but the worthy ladies of the W. C. T. U. were singin' or cheerin', accordin' to the dictates of their own consciences, and the Rum Demon was settin' up and takin' notice in great shape.

"Then, when everybody was lookin' kinder peculiar at everybody else and the W. C. T. U.'s



HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Yes; he disregarded the doctor's orders and is now in the hospital."
 "Is, eh?"
 "Yes; the doctor told him not to work so hard and the chump went on a vacation."

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.
 No. 7.



I.
 Each careful not to rock the boat,
 The chums and Hans we see afloat.

were snorting like Walruses, old Riley Sogback, who is always on the opposite side of every question, on general principles, rose and moved that the next battleship be christened with soothin' syrup, and that in the meantime we adjourn to meet on the follerin' Thursday night and debate about whether the Turks ort to be driven out of Macedonia or the Macedonians driven out of Turkey. Also, we done it, and then departed, the good ladies of the W. C. T. U. goin' homeward by the straight and arid way, draggin' their respective husbands, none of whom weighed more than a hundred and 'leven pounds, after 'em; and the rest of us, includin' me, the fellers that had been with Wheeler and Dewey, old Sogback, and so forth, goin' joyously down the broad and easy way that led over to the

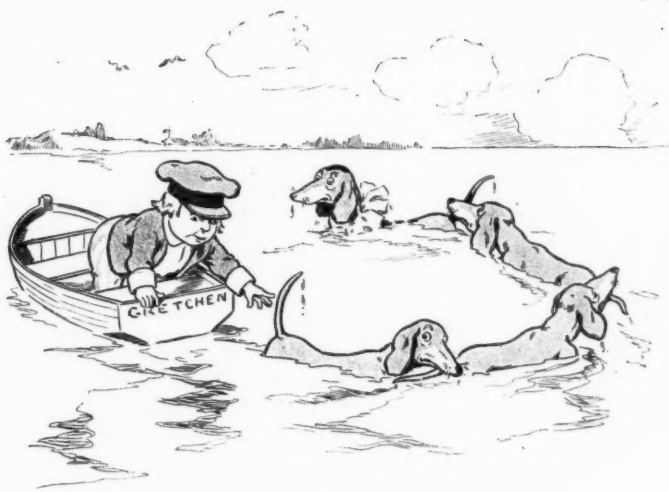


II.
 Each careful? Yes; till Dackel saw
 A turtle on his way to shore.



III.
 Then terror reigned and Hans, dismayed,
 Perceived his oar had swiftly strayed.

PUCK



IV.
"Ach! Lost we are!" he sobbed, "no sail,
No oar, no steam—What 's this? A tail!"

Judge's, where we had some lar-rupin' good punch concocted by Miss Nonie, some first-rate songs by 'most everybody, and a batch of corkin' good stories by the old Judge, who looks like a steel-trap in some ways but is plenty all right when he unlimbers. 'Takin' it all in all, I reckon the Rum Demon must have laid awake pretty much all night, laughin' at the way he 'd come through the ordeal."

Tom P. Morgan.

OLD FAVORITES.

Naturally, Flora Temple and Goldsmith Maid were there, in spirit.

"Well, I declare! A runner ahead, and a runner at the side," sneered Flora.

"And a ball bearing sulky with pneumatic tires!" sniffed the Maid.

"Why not a gasoline motor on the axle to push?"

"Or an overhead trolley?"

And in the swelling plaudits which greeted the two-minute trotter, sundry shrieks of horse-laughter were drowned.

RICH AND POOR.

"You are good for nothing!" sneered the Rich Boy.

"Well, what are you good for?" demanded the Poor Boy.

"Never for less than a quarter!" replied the Rich Boy, haughtily.

Ah! the inequalities.

IN THE WILD WEST.

THE TOURIST. — Looks as if he were thirsting for gore, does n't he?

HIS COMPANION. — True; but may be he 'd accept a little red liquor as a substitute.

THERE ARE persons who do not even look luxurious riding in a hansom.

It is unfortunate, but almost any old platitude is pretty sure to strike a responsive chord.

THE AVERAGE woman would find it hard to decide whether she would rather be the observed of all observers or the observer of all observed.



V.
The tail and opportunity
He grasped as one, instinctively.

OUT OF IT.

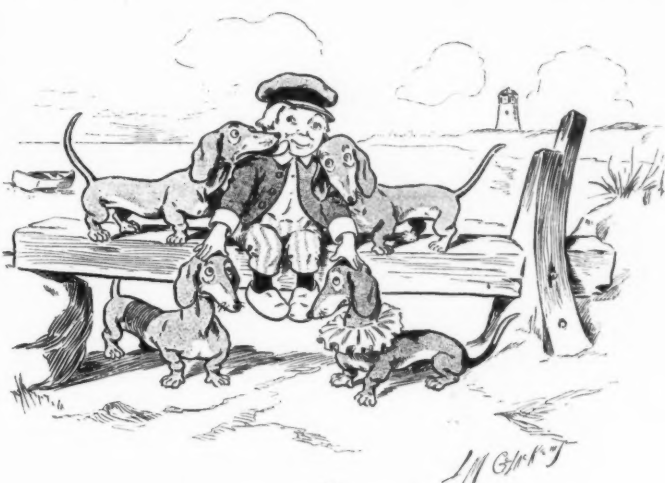
With these facilities at hand,
He 'd certainly have had
The time of his life, were it not
that
His time of life forbade.

IN KANSAS.

"I believe they live in great style."

"Oh, yes, indeed! Why, their cyclone cellar is fitted up something elegant."

A WOMAN seldom falls asleep in church. The Lord made women not only more religious than men, but also, as if to render assurance doubly sure, more interested in hats.



VI.
Then said: "A tattle-tale I hate;
But those who carry tails are great."



A PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY.

MR. HAUSENHEIMER. — I would n't like to see you marry a man mitout a cendt.

HIS DAUGHTER. — Vell, ven you married Mama, you did n't haf a cendt.

MR. HAUSENHEIMER. — Yes, but not eferabody can expekt der same luck vot she had.

PUCK



THE BEST REMEDY.

HE.— But if a man won't take no for an answer.

SHE.— Then there is only one thing the girl can do—say yes—to some one else.

While money won't buy everything, still it gives you a rather large variety to choose from.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DEVERYISM IN OTHER HANDS.

ONE OF Tammany's bids for public confidence this fall is its spirited warfare on William S. Devery. Devery, since the last municipal election and the triumph of reform, has been at visible odds with the Hall. More than once has Tammany rebuked him, repulsed him, disowned him. He has been pointed out as the real cause of Tammany's last defeat—he and the scandalous Deveryism. Tammany desires it understood, therefore, that in ousting Devery, it has recognized as proper the public's revolt and set itself up again as a model organization, meriting public support. In the campaign, we doubt not, this contention will be fairly prominent. By an oversight, Devery, a corrupt and demoralizing person, at one time gained access to Tammany ranks. He is no longer there, having been promptly expelled the instant his real character was suspected. And purity reigns. As evidence of good faith—campaign good faith—the foregoing would be reasonably convincing could we overlook the fact that Devery and Deveryism grew and flourished in local soil because of Tammany, not in spite of it. Devery is the name of a former policeman; but Deveryism, as a practice, is linked as securely to Tammany Hall as Tweedism, Crokerism or the various forms of graft. Deveryism and Tammany were on terms of intimacy while Devery, the policeman, was still pounding the pavement, an obscure patrolman. That his name is now attached to it is merely a graceful testimonial to his undoubted abilities. Devery is out of Tammany. But Deveryism remains. And will remain; cared for and fostered and converted into tribute by as many of the Tammany gentry as have pull enough to reach so rich a claim. Tammany, politically, can not afford to keep Devery. But it can not, financially, afford to drop Deveryism. It is pay dirt.

AS TO MERE ELEMENTALS.

WE WOULD here refer to two public characters. One, a man named Miller. The other, a woman named Todd. Mr. Miller is a foreman in the government printing house at Washington. Miss Todd, until lately, was head of a Delaware post-office, likewise a government institution. Mr. Miller, being guilty of "flagrant non-unionism," was removed from his place at the request of organized labor, despite the staunch protection of Civil Service rules. Miss Todd, being "politically and personally obnoxious to Senator Allee," a henchman of that incorruptible patriot, Addicks, was deprived of her office on the demand, presumably, of Delaware's Good Government Club. She also had some childish conception of Civil Service. Mr. Miller was reinstated in the printing office at the express order of President Roosevelt, the opinion coming from executive quarters that "flagrant non-unionism" did not necessarily constitute a crime under the laws of the United States and that Miller's minor offense, that of exacting a fair day's work for a fair day's wage in the Washington bindery, while of course serious, by no means made his going imperative. Miss Todd, however, at this writing, has not been reinstated. Her crime—that of flagrant non-Addicksism—is evidently much more heinous. And it is doubtful whether the influence of a clean record and the Civil Service guarantee combined can effectually weigh against it. Postmaster-General Payne kindly explained to Miss Todd the full extent of her wrong-doing and she probably appreciates by now that her Washington superior had no alternative but to discharge her. "Mere elementary decency," we recall, forced the reinstatement of Mr. Miller. But mere elementary politics is a vastly different thing.

PROSPERITY'S OCEAN TRIP.

IF ENGLISHMEN will but grasp it, an opportunity is theirs to parallel American prosperity. Prime Minister Balfour, in his recent manifesto, presented strong reasons for the curtailment of Free Trade. Retaliatory duties, he is convinced, alone will save the British manufacturer, who now is undersold in his own market by the American Trust; the latter being "able to sell abroad at a lower price than it charges for the same article at home." This, naturally, is bad for the British manufacturer and incompatible with true prosperity, as we know it. Once levy duties, however,—duties guaranteed to retaliate—and the view clears. The British manufacturer no longer is undersold by the rapacious invader. By retaliatory duties, that calamity is averted. He at once is able to raise his price to the level established by the tariff—see American precedent—and to do it safely, as the public must buy either the home product or its imported counterpart, and the manufacturer would be a bad business man, indeed, if he did not make the cost to the British consumer but very little less than what the consumer must pay for the custom-taxed import. When this system is fully perfected, then will the average Englishman awake to two realities; first, that blessed prosperity has in truth settled near him; and second, that he must pay twice as much for every-day articles as he paid before. The American consumer, already reaping the benefits of duties levied here, extends to the British consumer the right hand of congratulation.

THE GROCERY SEATS.

THE grocery seats! What forum great
E'er heard discussed affairs of state
With such discernment, such
command
Of logic, facts, as when the band
Of village patriots debate?
They make and break the county slate,
All true reforms they advocate,
And coups d'etat are shrewdly planned
In grocery seats.

While citizens thus congregate,
The grocer sadly sighs at fate
Whose ways he cannot understand.
Somehow this "trade" does not expand—
Although his doors are open late—
His gross receipts.

Wood Levette Wilson.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

"Tackleton is a remarkable football player, is n't he?"
"Very. He's a graduate of a correspondence school
of football."



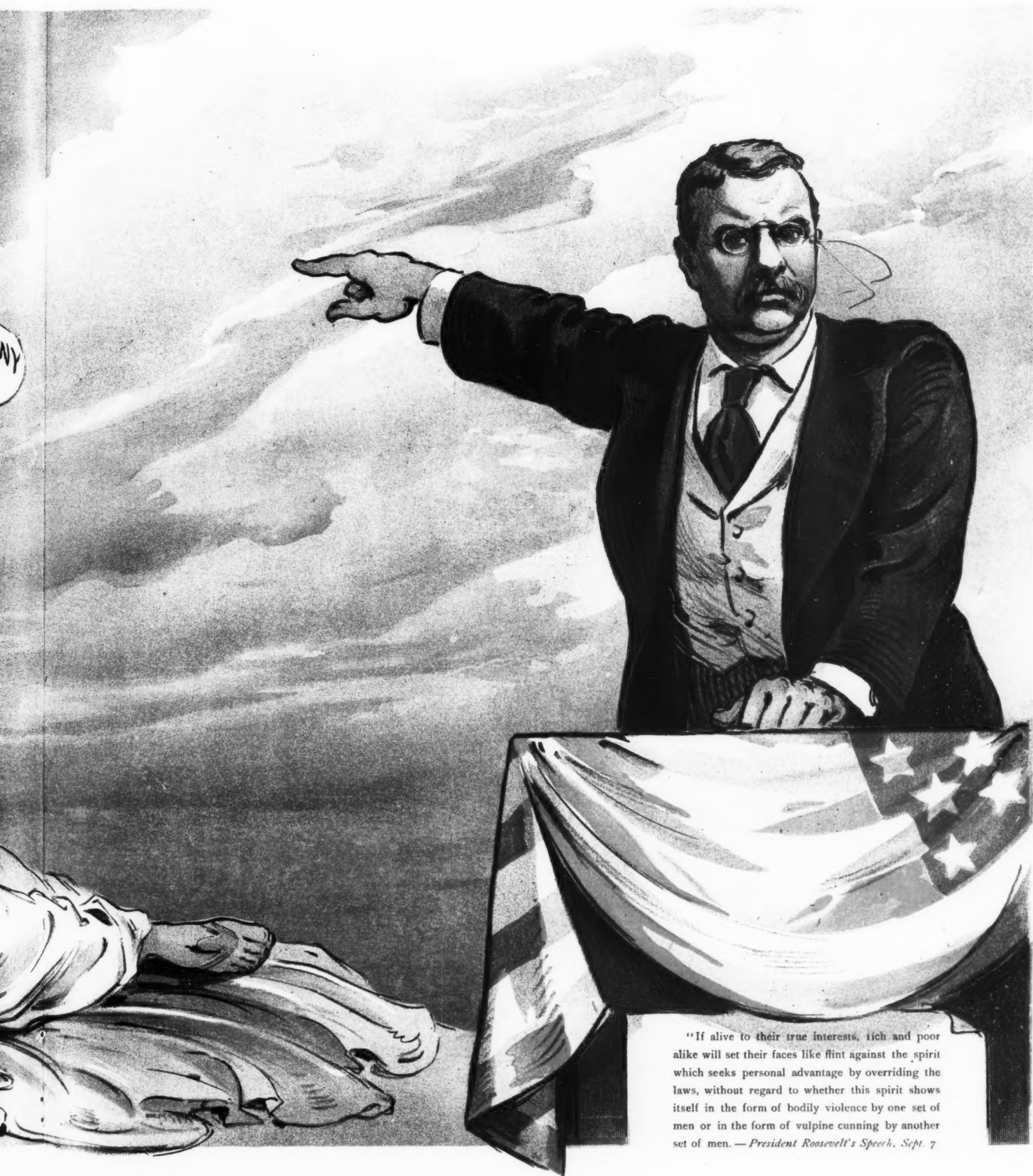
AN IMPORTANT PRIZE.

THE BEAR.—Aha! I believe this is what he calls his ammunition. At any rate, it's what he loads up with!



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

CONCERNING A 'GROW



"If alive to their true interests, rich and poor alike will set their faces like flint against the spirit which seeks personal advantage by overriding the laws, without regard to whether this spirit shows itself in the form of bodily violence by one set of men or in the form of vulpine cunning by another set of men. — *President Roosevelt's Speech, Sept. 7.*

A 'GROWING MENACE.



A METHOD IN HIS DULLNESS.

TEACHER.—You notice that boy who stands at the foot of the class? Well, last Summer he was the brightest boy in school.

COMMITTEE-MAN.—He is now. I notice the foot of the class is nearest the stove!

A LINE TO CARRIE.

O! Caroline 's so very sweet,
From rippling curls to twinkling feet,
No magiery of rhyme is meet
To sing her beauty near divine;
A Venus as to form is she, —
Her waist 's slender as can be, —
To lend it more of symmetry
I would not care to add a line.

It 'e'n a Chesterfield behooves
To note the grace with which she moves,
And grace and form and face but proves
I do no wrong to thus enshrine
Her in my heart of hearts, and say
With all a lover's naïvete:
"One charm along improvement's way
I would not add to Caroline."

Roy Farrell Greene

HIS GENEROSITY.

YOUNG LOVEMAN.—Mr. Hennypeck,
I come to ask you for your daughter. I
love—

MR. HENNYPECK.—That 's all right; you may have her.
And—er—I don't suppose you can possibly see your way clear to
take her mother, too?

THE PROBABILITY is that only men who don't know how they do it
ever live to be 100.



A DILEMMA.

THE SEAL.—Now, where the Dickens am I
going to strike the match?

It would be very convenient if those who don't want to be quoted could
change places with those who do.



AN INTERRUPTED PANEGYRIC.

(Dictated.)



FOR THE writer to think on the narrow facilities of his ancient father-craftsman is to rejoice at the luxurious conveniences of his own time. In ancient days the writer carried his library both of reference and of study in his head; while now his shelves are filed full of the observations of poets and scholars.

I am reminded in regarding the easy lines in which the life of the modern writer runs, of an artist who has not to go out to discover the beauties of the world, but finds them already discovered, with sketches of them at hand. Yet even this figure does not show the whole ease of the modern writer's work; for instead of having sketches from which to make compositions, he has compositions for his studies; and readily wins reputation by only making sketches from others' finished work.

But we must not continue to write in this high style lest we be taken up into the clouds to sit among the immortal seven with Dante who is personally uncongenial to us.

With the bettering of the time the mere mechanical conveniences have so improved as to give the modern writer distinct advantage. Once the literateur made use of the clumsy *stylus*. How with this could he write in an easy and graceful style? And after the *stylus* came the goose-quill with its goose-tracks.

Now we have the writing-machine and the dark-eyed laughing amanuensis. Who with these could not command beautiful thoughts and clothe them in wondrous language. It is with these the present panegyric is written; and we can truly say that we write this as easily as Shakspeare wrote his tamer works under the less favorable conditions of the past.

We have characterized the dark-eyed laughing amanuensis as a "mechanical improvement." What words! We were a Goth to speak thus; aye, we were a Visigoth. Flippant, still flippant. Yet how many times have we striven for courage to speak in earnest. The dark-eyed amanuensis is an inspiration richer in ideas than all the libraries in existence—richer than all the libraries in existence. The pretty, timid creature whose glance is a poem; whose down-cast look is more eloquent than a love-song of Burns—who labors with such honest faith recording stupid words—The pretty fingers—The gently bending head—Have I courage enough? Dear, dear Ju—

* * * * *

Williston Fish.



HOW IT LOOKED.

"Ferdy's rich uncle must be dead; he's cracking jokes *ad libitum*."

"Yes; and must have left him lots of money; everybody is laughing at them."

El Principe de Gales

KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

DOING HIS SHARE.

ANGRY FATHER.—Young man, you are sitting up too late with my daughter. Last night I heard you kissing her.

CAPERTON.—Well, sir, some one has got to.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HUMAN NATURE.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "what would you do if you was to wake up and find yourself a railway president?"

"I dunno," answered Meandering Mike. "Human nature is human nature. I s'pose I'd git mercenary an' begin to worry about all de rides I've been beatin' de company out of."—*Washington Star*.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

"Rather a clever poem," said the editor, handing back the manuscript; "do you know who is the author of those lines?"

"Of course," replied the proud father; "didn't I tell you my son wrote 'em?"

"But are you sure he did?"

"Sure! Don't you suppose I know his handwriting?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

DOCTOR.—Want to get up, eh? Ah, I thought my medicine would fetch you out of bed.

TOMMY.—Yes, an' then, besides, I seen a circus poster.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

From East to West
Absolutely the finest tobacco grown in Turkey
is made up in the Egyptian manner in

Egyptian DEITIES.

No better Turkish cigarette can be made.
Look for the signature of S. ANAGYROS.

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Repeater. These loads are considered
the standard for accuracy and will prob-
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target purposes.

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soap in stick form; con-
venience and economy in
shaving.

It is the best and cheap-
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Sold all over the world.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
able polish to all metals, but the polish

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lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or
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THE SUBURBAN SAGE. Stray Notes
and Comments on His Simple Life.
By H. C. BUNNER. Illustrated.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

ADOPTION.

"When did you adopt the stage as a profession?"
"I should not say that I ever adopted the stage," answered Mr. Storming-
ton Barnes. "But I spent some weary years persuading the stage to adopt me."
—*Washington Star*.

A NEIGHBORLY HINT.

MRS. SUBURB.—Why in the world don't you grease that lawn mower of
yours?

NEIGHBOR'S HIRED MAN.—The Misses told me not to till you had your
pianer tuned.—*New York Weekly*.



A REASONABLE REQUEST.

HE.—We had best elope about 2 A. M.! I will bring my
"auto" to the next corner, and—

SHE.—Oh, could n't you make it a little earlier, dear—pa and
ma do so want to see us off and I don't like to keep them up so late!

A troubled feeling and the blues can generally be
traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's,
the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

On coaching parties don't overlook a few cold
bottles of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It will
double your pleasure.

NOT SO CLEVER.

"Fine, was n't it?" exclaimed Citiman, after the trombone soloist had
finished his star performance. "That was really clever, eh?"

"O, shucks!" replied Citiman's country cousin. "He did n't fool me a little
bit. That's one o' them trick horns. He did n't really swallow it."—*Phila. Press*.

A REAL good friend is one who will say you are sensitive when you are
quarrelsome.—*Atchison Globe*.



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are the original bottled Cocktails.
Years of experience have made
them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS
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ORIGINAL of anything is good
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WHEN A man has a reputation
for being ill, he can turn down all
social invitations.—*Washington Demo-
crat*.

BASS FISHING IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Abundant Opportunity for Rare Sport
in the North Branch. Various
Methods that Insure
a Big Catch.

Special Correspondence of "The Philadelphia Press."

TUNKHANNOCK, Aug. 8.—The north
branch of the Susquehanna, at almost any
point north of Tunkhannock, as far as
Towanda, is a favorite bass fishing stream.
The river in this stretch of country winds
through rich farm land and is almost entirely
free from pollution. The scenery is pic-
turesque, made so by sharp and rocky bluffs,
whose base touches the water's edge. Here
are cool and shady pools and swift riffles,
where the wily bass hides in waiting for tempt-
ing shiners and bullheads that may chance to
venture out too far from the shallow waters.

Some shore fishing is practiced, but fishing
from a boat is the rule. All along the river
are homes where lodging, boats and bait may
be obtained, and, if desirable, the assistance
of a man acquainted with the river, to row the
boat, attend to the bait and fish, and
make himself generally useful.

Fishermen may fare sumptuously at \$1.50
a day. Boats cost 50 cents a day, and an
attendant \$1.50.

The popular bait is the bullhead, a small
catfish, netted out of the sluggish streams
that discharge into the river. Its chief char-
acteristics are toughness and durability. It
lives a long while on the hook and sometimes
survives the strike of a bass if the contact
with the latter's teeth has not penetrated too
deeply.

There are various methods in use for bass
fishing. Sometimes the boat is anchored at
the head of a deep pool, or in the middle of it,
or else lower down where the water thins out
into pebbly shallows just at the head of a riff.
At other times the boat is gently rowed along,
the oars dipping the water with a touch of
velvet so as not to alarm the fish. Another
plan is to have the boat sent up the river
early in the morning, a distance of five or six
miles, and then fish from the boat as it floats
with the current, the lines dragging in the
rear.

The most important articles in the equip-
ment of tackle is a stout rod, a good multiply-
ing reel and a strong bass line not less than
100 yards long.

In a day's sport, with good luck, it is safe
to count on the capture of one or two five-
pounders, along with others ranging from
one to three pounds.

Laceyville offers ten miles of accessible
fishing territory, not excelled anywhere on
the river. Further down are Mehoopany and
Meshoppen, equally desirable.

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Rye**
IT'S RIGHT



SAFE.

RABBIT.—Well, I don't see that I'm in much danger if I keep my eyes open and don't let him step on me.

You look better, feel better, are better when your run down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

A MELANCHOLY SUMMARY.

"Are you aware that you are being criticised for using money in politics?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "If you use money they criticise you, and if you don't they forget all about you."—*Washington Star*.

The "cold bot," when you crack it,
Is bound to nit you back.
At night you're on the racket,
Next morning on the rack.
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SURBRUG'S
Arcadia
MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.

THE CROWD.

Somebody stands on the pavement there,
Lifting his voice in a lusty cheer.
Seeking to bury his own dull care,
He welcomes each figure that may appear.

He hails the hero of martial rank,
He hails the clown who must laugh to live.
The welcome he offers the mountebank
Is the highest welcome his soul can give.

And this is the fame that men declare
Is worth the toil and the bitter tear;
Somebody stands on the pavement there,
Lifting his voice in a lusty cheer.
—*Washington Star*.

HER CHARMS UNDIMMED.

FRIEND.—And you don't know where your husband spends his evenings?

MRS. BEAUTI.—I have not the remotest idea.

FRIEND.—Don't you feel worried?

MRS. BEAUTI.—Not a particle.

FRIEND.—On what do you base your confidence?

MRS. BEAUTI.—On the fact that whenever I enter a crowded street car a dozen men jump up and offer me a seat.—*New York Weekly*.

BADLY FRIGHTENED.

"How did I look when you proposed to me?"

"You looked as if you were taking your first ride in an automobile."—*Detroit Free Press*.

We wish company could be entertained somehow without causing so much dish washing.—*Washington Democrat*.



Pabst
Blue Ribbon
The Beer of Quality. The very life of the malt caught and held in absolute purity for your delectation.
Sold everywhere.

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Chrystal drops from golden grain; pure and mellow, rich and fragrant; the ideal stimulant and tonic for universal use. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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QUEER TASTE.

FARMER WAYBACK.—Wall, of all durn fools, that artist feller takes the cake.
MRS. WAYBACK.—What's he doin'?

FARMER WAYBACK.—He's down yonder paintin' a picture of that old tumble-down barn, and there's a brand-new barn right behind him.—*New York Weekly*.

WEATHER-BEATEN.

"Why do so many writers use that hackneyed phrase, 'the weather-beaten farmer?'" said the young man who reads novels.

"I dunno," answered Mr. Cornstossel as he laid down the paper containing the latest freshet news, "unless it's because the weather beats us out of so many crops."—*Washington Star*.

PRECOCIOUS IN SPOTS.

BOBBY.—Do I have to go to school again, mother?
MOTHER.—Of course, Bobby.

BOBBY.—Why, Mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.—*Detroit Free Press*.

SYMPATHY.

"Why does the public seem to dislike Shakspeare?" said the man with the solemn countenance.

"They don't dislike Shakspeare," answered Miss Cayenne. "The manner in which they sometimes stay away from the theatre indicates that they are quite fond of Shakspeare and are prepared to take sides with him against people who are ready to do him injustice."—*Washington Star*.

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YEAST.—Does he live simply?
CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes; he simply
lives.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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the Dead Letter Office, and postage
had to be paid on them.

TAILOR.—It can't be helped.

BOOKKEEPER.—If your envelope
contained your name and address they
would be returned without expense.

TAILOR.—Yes; but then the people
who receive them would n't open
them.—*New York Weekly.*



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and uses it.

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A WARY STATESMAN.

"You don't make many pretensions as a speechmaker."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "it is a misfortune for a public man
to get into the habit of saying clever things. They are always remembered and
held up against him in case he wants to change his mind."—*Washington Star.*

MORE FUN AHEAD.

FIRST CRANK.—Come around to the hall to-night. We are getting up a
new league.

SECOND CRANK.—What sort?

FIRST CRANK.—We have n't decided yet; but it's going to be an anti-
something or other.—*New York Weekly.*



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THE BEST APPETIZER

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IMPROVEMENT.

"Is your daughter improving in her
music?"

"I should n't be surprised," answered
Mr. Cumrox. "The dog has quit
howling every time she sits down to the
piano."—*Washington Star.*

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"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,
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A SOOTHING SERMON.

"Br'er Williams, what wuz de text
de parson preached fum?"

"Bless God, I clean fergot! De
sermon done me so much good I felled
asleep en dreamed I wuz in glory!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

RELIEVED.

"So the physicians thought you had
appendicitis?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "and
I was so relieved to learn that they
were mistaken. Appendicitis is going
completely out of style, you know."—
Washington Star.



EXPERIENCED.

"May be you not likee Chineese dishee, lady."

"Oh, I dare say I can stand it! I've sampled most of the
Bohemian table d'hôtes.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

"Drop up, old boy—drop up and see us."
"Drop up?"
"Yes; we live in the top flat.—*Detroit
Free Press.*

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In the Great North Woods—Poem	Eben E. Rexford
Where Pilgrim and Puritan Met—Illustrated	Hezekiah Butterworth
In Rip Van Winkle's Land—Poem	Minna Irving
Nature's Chronometer—Illustrated	H. M. Albaugh
Abandoned Farms—Illustrated	Howard W. Coggeshall
The Three Oregons—Illustrated	Alfred Holman
Ancient Prophecies Fulfilled—Illustrated	George H. Daniels
The Stories the Totems Tell—Illustrated	Luther L. Holden
A Little Country Cousin—Illustrated	Kathleen L. Greig
The Mazamas—Illustrated	Will G. Steel
When Mother Goes Away—Poem	Joe Cone
A Little Bit of Holland—Illustrated	Charles B. Wells
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HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

"Dad," said the rural youngster to
his home-returning parent, "what do
you reckon has done took an' hap-
pened?"

"How kin I tell?"

"The lightin' an' thunder has kilt yer
two brindle cows, an' five hogs!"

"That 's bad, my son; but I can't
be everywhere. Providence knowed I
wuz away from home, and took advan-
tage of my absence!"—*Atlanta Con-
stitution.*

JUDGE.—Why do you wish to be
relieved from jury duty?

CITIZEN.—I wear a gold watch, and
I don't like the looks of three or four
of the fellows you have already ac-
cepted.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"Yes, Bickerby has gone into the
fire insurance business."

"Can he make it pay?"

"I guess so. His proposed father-
in-law owns three blocks, four apart-
ment houses and ninety-seven dwell-
ings."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



"DRINK ONLY THE PUREST"

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Whiskey.*

"Receipts for making popular drinks"
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THE SECRET OF IT.

"How come it that old Jones is
eternally singing that one hymn—
"Give Me the Old Time Religion?"

"Well, they never took up such big
collections in those days."—*Atlanta
Constitution.*

THE FINAL ANSWER.

There is a little boy at school
Who bravely makes a start,
But somehow never seems to get
The lesson all by heart.
It is a mournful thing to see
His look of gathering woe,
As he at last gives up the task
And answers, "I don't know."

Be not discouraged, little boy,
For you are not alone—
What flings the borealis light
Across the arctic zone?
What gives its color to the rose?
What bids the seed to grow?
The wisest man must blush at last
And say, "I do not know."

—*Washington Star.*

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(LINEN-MESH)
Underwear

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"SAVED two hundred souls but mighty
little salary," is the way a colored revivalist
expressed it, recently.—*Atlanta Constitu-
tion.*



HIS OPINION.

SHE.—Ah! There are Mr. Spooner
and Miss Brassey. They seem quite
interested in the game.
THE CADDY.—Yes, Miss. That's
because you're looking at them

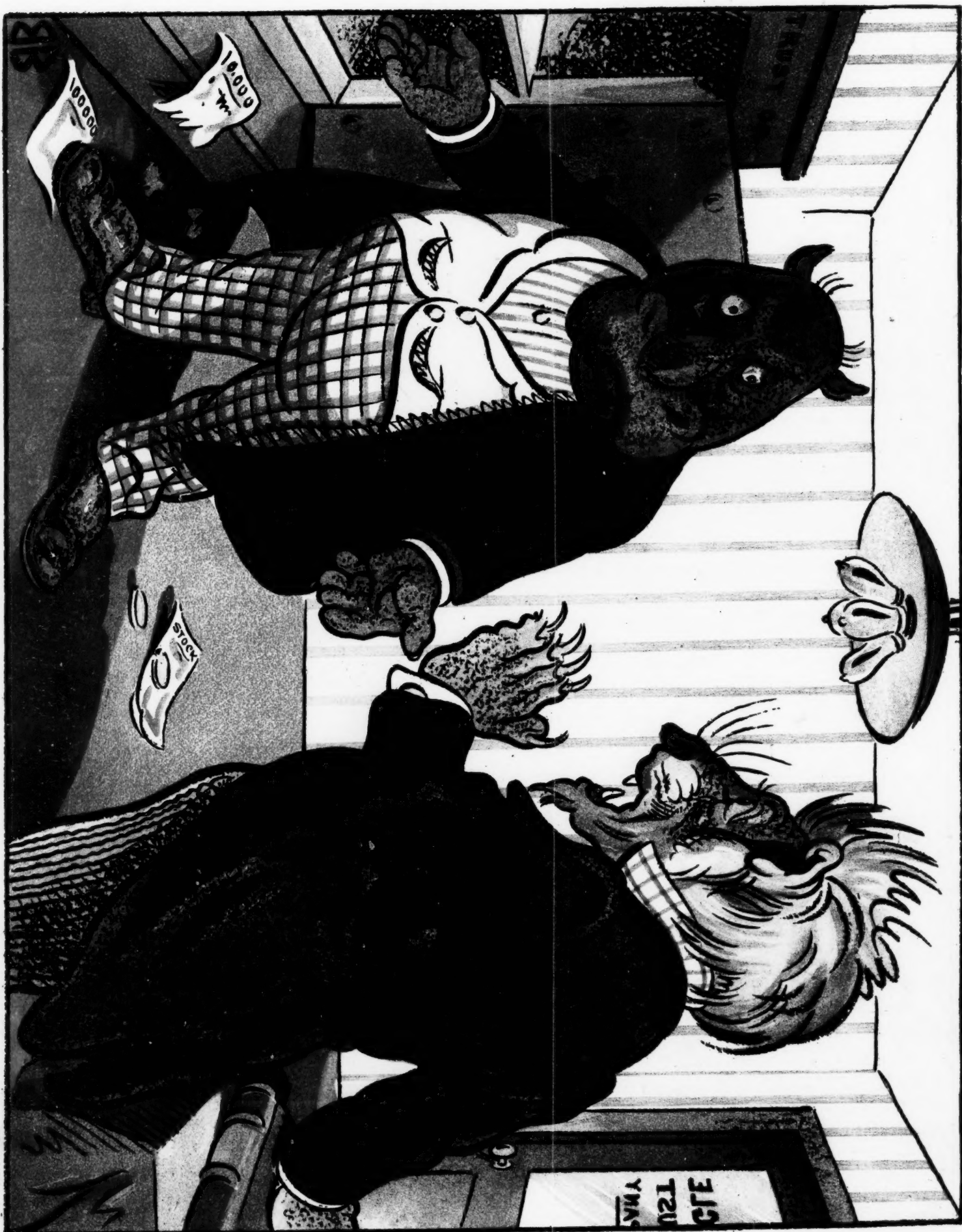
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A few dashes in pure liquor, the epicure's delight
Refuse cheap domestic imitations. Get Dr. Siegert's.

HARD.

"The expedition endured the ex-
tremest hardship."

"Yes, I understand they were locked
in the ice during two lecture seasons."
—*Detroit Free Press.*



A CRISIS.

THE PRESIDENT.—What is the matter? Something awful must have happened to make you look so troubled.
THE VICE-PRESIDENT.—I have just discovered that Mr. Ostrich, who has been our trusted employee for eighteen years, has eaten \$40,000 worth of securities!